

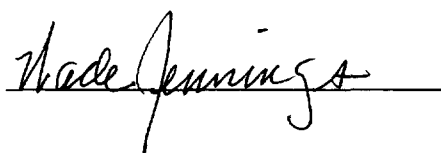
LIFE, LOVE, AND TIME

An Honors Thesis (HONRS 499)

by

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A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Wade Jennings", is written over a horizontal line.

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Personal feelings and emotions are essential to the process of creating art. The act of creating always requires a great deal of knowledge, time, and passion to be successful. The following thesis project is very personal and was created strictly from within, as all art should be created. The poems and the paintings that correspond to them are autobiographical in nature, but carry universal messages about life, love, and the passage of time. The poems were written by hand rather than on a machine because the works must indicate the presence of a creator who is human. Painting and poetry are media that were rather unfamiliar to me, but seemed to fit my idea for describing my feelings with their ability to draw out direct expression. While being a sort diary of my feelings over the past year, this project was also a study in the expressive qualities of painting and poetry and their effects on the observer or reader.

PASSAGE

SPEEDING TOWARDS
AT 360 SECONDS PER HOUR

NEVER
LETTING
UP.

SUFFOCATING

DRAINING

HURTING

KILLING

RUNNING

THE ETERNAL CORRIDOR

O B S T A C L E S

FULL
OF
CONFUSION
REGRETS

BUT
SOMEHOW
MAGICAL
WONDERFUL
WORTH
EVERY
SECOND

FOUR SEASONS

THE
RIVER
CONSTANTLY
FLOWS
THROUGH
MANY
ODD
TWISTS
AND
TURNS
WINDING
HER
WAY
AMIDST
LIFE
IN
PLACES
A MERE
TRICKLE
OR ICY AND STILL
ONWARD
NEVERTHELESS
ETERNALLY
FLOWING

LINK

A MOTHER
GIVES BIRTH TO THE CHILD, BUT

ANOTHER - SHE
GIVES BIRTH TO THE MAN.

SHE
THE HANDSHAKE BETWEEN STRANGERS
FRIENDS THEY BECOME.

SHE
OFTEN FAVORS THE MAN
BUT

WILL ALWAYS LOVE THE CHILD,
THE STRANGERS WED.

SURVIVOR

HE PLODS
FORWARD

CARRYING HIS ANCESTORS' HISTORY
ON HIS BACK

HIS ANCIENT EYES HAVE FALLEN ON MANY MOONLIT
TIDES

HE PLODS
ON

WITH AN EXACT PURPOSE, SURETY
THE KNOWLEDGE OF ALL THINGS

HE UNDERSTANDS HIS EXISTENCE AND YET

HE PLODS
HAPPILY

NEVER TURNING TO SEE HIS MARK IN THE
SAND

THEN

THE FUTURE

PLAYS THEM ALL LIKE

KEYS OF AN INSTRUMENT

NOT CARING ABOUT THEIR SOULS

THEY ARE ALL POUNDED

INTO STABILITY

LIKE NAILS INTO THE HOUSE OF THE UNIVERSE

VARIANTS ARE

SYNTAX ERROR

INSTEAD OF

BEAUTIFULLY UNIQUE

BUT,

THEY ARE NEEDED

FOR

HUMANITY ONLY

CAN MAKE THE BITTERSWEET

MUSIC OF TIME



"PASSAGE"



"FOUR SEASONS"



"LINK"



"SURVIVOR"



"THEN"